# CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

We are Ambassadors for Christ....Be ye reconciled to God.

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CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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## THE NATURE OF RELIGION:

### A DISCOURSE,

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

*Delivered in the Universalist Church, in Glen's Falls, N. Y., Sunday Morning, July* 30, 1848; *and published by request.*

"Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James i. 27.

*Religion* is an inborn principle, present, to a greater or lesser extent, in all intelligencies. But it is not a self-directing principle—it has not in itself the elements of justice and integrity. Unenlightened and alone, with no arm of truth or might to guide it, it is impetuous, blind, unjust; moving like the whirlwind, and restless as the sea. All men are religious, and the world abounds in religions. But of course, there can be but one "pure religion," such as God approves from His throne of majesty, such as truly elevates the human soul and is guided by the moral principles of nature and revelation. Of false religions there are many; their monuments blacken to view over all the surface of creation; their prophets are robed in the garments of vengeance; their subjects are the victims of suffering, and the disciples of fear and despair. All *worshippers* are professedly *religious;* and we have the worshippers of the Beast in Revelations, of Moloch and of Satan, and of innumerable other deities—so that of religions, as of books, there is scarcely any end.

But, as I have said, there is but one pure religion and undefiled before the Almighty Father. That religion is defined in the New Testament, and guided by its precepts. The sacred author before us defines it as follows: "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." By the phrase "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," we understand St. James to refer to the exercise of those gentle but heroic charities, which form so essential a part of religion; and by "keeping unspotted from the world," the cultivation of that purity and elevated moral sense, which draws the soul so near to its Maker. Other apostles of Christianity have defined our religious duties; but I have chosen this as a specimen of their uniform teachings; for it is brief, comprehensive and beautiful.

Here is the substance of Religion, so far, at least, as God has revealed it in nature or Revelation. We observe that, in it, there is nothing mysterious, dubious or difficult. It is a simple, rational requirement, having for its aim individual and universal blessing, and founded in the wisdom and benignity of God. Its simplicity and beauty appeal to the heart of the child, as he roves he flowery paths of his innocent years; and its reasonableness more and more impresses the mind, as the weight of age steals down on the scarred form, enfeebles the step and wrinkles the brow.

It should be remembered that "pure religion" is a principle of action, of deed—rather than of profession or feeling. These last are not without their places and their influences, it is true; but they must ever be connected with broad, elevated, and heroic action. The sweat of labor, and the incense of self-denial, must mingle with the formal profession and the fervor of prayer. All professions must be vain and worthless in the eye of God and reason, unless accompanied by acts of moral heroism, devotion and sympathy. All manifestations of warmth of feeling, seen in social intercourse, or breathed in prayer, will be treated as senseless enthusiasm or hypocrisy, unless consistent deeds shine forth in the life of the individual, to tell us that his soul is earnest and just. We *might* do without the *profession* of Religion, if we but had its acts; but with *profession* unsanctified by *deed*, the devil would be monarch of Paradise forever, and the poison of deception the nectar of a suffering humanity!

I think it important to enforce this idea. For, by some unexampled perversity of mind, men have become accustomed to place the chief excellence of religion in outward forms and symbols; in loud professions and long and frequent prayers, and in an array of antiquated mysteries, that no ingenuity can unravel, and the sense or propriety of which no perception can discover. The deeds, the living fruits and trophies of religion—the benevolence of humanity that goes out to sanctify and to bless—these are disregarded and forgotten, despised and trampled, until God is mocked and Nature violated.

These sentiments are not of modern growth. They are as ancient as thought. They have warped, dwarfed and insulted the soul in all times. Christ found them prevailing in Judea, and throughout the world, when the eye lids of his divinity opened on humanity. Christ did not come to an irreligous world, but to one falsely religious—to one, indeed, whose chief evil was its religion; because in the glare and pomp of its ceremonies, it deceived and blinded its victims, wrung from them their purity and simplicity, and left them cold, gray images of hypocrisy, ignorance and deformity. This false religion spoke long and loud in the temple of the Jews; stood like embodied and unapproachable sanctity in the public ways; and crucified Christ, because he was not a religious man in their sense of the term! That his life sparkled with deeds of mercy could not be denied; that his labors sprung from a deep, deathless fountain of spirituality and love, could not be questioned—but he would not join in the partial prayers in the temple, he would not forsake the table of the Publican, and hence could not be said to conform to the test of Judaism.

The same sentiments have invaded the sanctity of the

Christian Church, darkening its simplicity, and weakening its power. The same glare of mysticim and absurdity has been thrown around the Religion of the New Testament, overshadowing its everlasting divinity, and elevating Judas to the dignity of Paul. Religion has been made a matter of feeling and profession, united with a forbidding austerity and gloom. Clouds clothe the brow of the professor; he moves with the outward precision of some unvarying and terrible machine, and is accounted holy in exact proportion as his actions are unnatural, and his countenance rigid and severe. Disdaining to look at his acts—at the fruits of his religion—it is enough in the view of the self-styled religious world, that its professor obeys its forms, reverences its ceremonies and superstitions, and bows the knee to the Baal of its exacting servitude. Religion at once assumes a mysterious and terrible character; dropping the simplicity and winning sweetness of its infant age, it towers up in stern and repulsive attitude. From the sympathetic spirit that wept with the bereaved sisters of Lazarus, from the forgiving divinity that beamed on Calvary, it becomes a cold and exacting tyrant—demanding that nature should be revolutionized, joy and sympathy abandoned, and acts of mercy and love to become tributary to a zeal without knowledge, an enthusiasm without reason, and a faith without hope.

Thus Religion has become a phantom—a mystery and a reproach, with little of freshness, of breathing sympathy and active goodness, to win human love or confidence. The champions of the principles referred to, go much farther. They not merely *imply* that acts of benevolence and moral heroism are of lesser importance than mysterious changes and ceremonies; they boldly *assert* that, without those dread, mysterious and awful changes and experiences, the benevolent, charitable individual is more dangerous to society, more subject to divine wrath and infinite vengeance, than the pirate, whose terrible banner darkens the broad seas, and whose crimson hand has been raised in a thousand murderous revels! It is said that each act of charity or mercy, practiced by the *moral* man, but adds weight to the accumulating curse that shall yet drag down his soul to eternal ruin!

It may trouble us to determine how such a belief ever originated—a belief at once pernicious, absurd and repulsive. We are almost driven to the supposition that those who declaim so earnestly against moral men and moral acts, have themselves very little experience in morality. And were we allowed to judge of the motives of others, we might be presumptuous enough to suppose, that the mysteries of this undefinable change and experience have been brought into requisition, to cloak acts and principles of very questionable tendency. But, however this may be, I feel to protest earnestly and solemnly against those principles, which have formed the theme of our last remarks. As a believer in Christianity, and a minister of its far-reaching benignity, I deny that it countenances so dark and pernicious a theory. I would have it free from the stigma that must inevitably rest upon it, if it be shown to favor a principle so evidently injurious to the welfare of society, and so fatal to its own progress and triumph. I do not view this as a subject of slight importance, but one of momentous consequence. It seriously affects the character and influence of the whole Christian system. The view just referred to makes the Gospel practically a despiser of moral excellence, and hence arrays the noblest spirits of the earth against it as enemies.

No; Religion, as defined by Christianity, and enforced by it, does not hold light the benevolence, the purity and the charities of men. So far from it, it holds these qualities as essential to the existence of true Religion. No person passes the ordeal it has established, unless in the possession of love and sympathy as broad as human existence, of forgiveness ready and unrestrained, and of firm and earnest devotion to his moral powers. Nor is this all. I do not mean that moral men are always religious men, but I do mean that religious men must be moral men. Those whom we frequently term *moral*, have *many* of the elements of true religion, but they have not *all*; for, without faith in God, and unshaken reliance on his government,—without spirituality—the deep earnest utterance of a wakeful soul—no person can justly be said to be religious, in the perfect sense of the term. These qualifications, of course, pre-suppose the existence of knowledge, with reference to the great truths of Revelation; for true Religion, "pure and undefiled before God," is based upon intelligence, and grounded in reason.

Religion, we protest, is not inexplicable. It is rational and comprehensible. It is connected with no changes or experiences that cannot be rationally accounted for. It claims that its disciples should be good. Is there anything mysterious or undefinable in goodness? It asks the sinful to break off their sins, and to practice righteousness This is the change it demands. Is this a total change of all nature, reversing all the senses, and thoughts, and actions? I think not. Righteousness is lovely in the view of all men; it has its secret adorers in the darkest haunts of sin; it is the legitimate ruler and prince of the soul; it is the sacred balm on the brow of suffering, and the star of hope that glitters above death and despair; and we must not call it unnatural, in its exercise over us. If it were so, it would give pain to the soul, rather than pleasure. And if sin were as natural to the soul as it is claimed to be, why should it not bless rather than curse that soul? Has nature in any other way, made man to suffer for what is natural, and to enjoy what is unnatural?

We shall yet find that sin is but the product of an imperfect or deformed organization; and that Righteousness is the true fruit of the soul, fed and nourished by a knowledge of God and duty.

Study Christianity, and see what Christ and his disciples embodied in the idea of Religion. Jesus said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one toward another." It is further taught, "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." "Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good. Cease to do evil, and learn to do well. If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. Pure Religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this; to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep unspotted from the world." Perform these requirements, and you are religious, according to the divine measure of Religion.

Neglect them, and assume in their stead a mysterious righteousness, that boasts profession instead of life and deed, and your religion may excite the admiration of satan, but never the approval of God. It may glitter in the regal pomp of St. Peter, it may wear the livery of kings, it may boast the approval of wealth and greatness, but it sinks down before the simple majesty of one earnest, patient spirit, that is true to conscience, and strong in its devotion to right. Christ had such a spirit. Tearing from it its deluding drapery, he illustrated the simplicity of Religion with all the power of his great benevolent soul; and confined it to the simple duty of loving God and man, and rendering the relationship of the race harmonious and happy.

Past habits of thought have associated Religion with gloomy manners and morose conduct. This was, and is, a characteristic of the Religion of Paganism, and it is a bitter reflection that Christianity, claiming to breathe boundless sympathy, to feed eternal hopes and raptures,

to present humanity a living sacrifice, "holy and acceptable unto God"—should be made to wear the mantle of a starless age, and to speak from the lips of the thunder-throned Jupiter of the past. Religion has been presented to man in its gloomiest aspects; it has been associated with sufferings, with mental agonies, with stern and bitter necessities, until the act of embracing it becomes equivalent, in the common view, to a renunciation of all earthly enjoyments. This impression is a very general one—more general, perhaps, than is commonly supposed. Many whose reason condemns the view, can yet scarcely avoid the impression of earlier years. This impression, or supposition, creates for Religion many bitter enemies, and takes from many a soul a balm of sanctity, more blessed than a prophet's inspiration in the night of suffering. Every true herald of Christ's kingdom will remonstrate against a view so false and pernicious. There is nothing in pure Religion in any respect forbidding to a mind properly enlightened. It comes to bless the soul with its light and rapture, to efface the stains of a long transgression, to smile upon the rugged deserts of time, to reveal and accomplish all moral duties, and to create an angel of hope on the quivering bosom of death. Its message, then, is holy and happy; and it should be received, not with groans and agonies, and gloom, but with love, and gratitude, and joy. Were it a message of evil tidings, staining the path of its progress with evidences of suffering and despair, we might consistently mourn and sorrow in its possession. But while the facts are directly the reverse, there is neither merit nor consistency in associating Religion with aught that is gloomy, either in thought or in life.

The young frequently associate a sentiment of *disgrace* with Religion. They would be ashamed to be thought religious. This is not singular, considering the character of past opinions; but it is false as an idea, and should be so treated. There is no higher honor, no purer glory, than that which springs from an enlightened, religious nature. Great glory is associated with the martial conquerers of the world, the Ciceros of the Forum, and the Platos of the Schools. More than all is he honored, who reins his fiery legions on the stormy field, and comes forth from the shock of battle a bloody victor. But the religious man, walking upright in all his dealings and intercourse, making the sphere in which he lives happy and joyous, and relying with simplicity and trust on the nature of Almighty God—he shall be honored and reverenced in the light of a truer age, when the implements of death shall have become the husbandman's spoils, and when the memory of the martial hero shall have paled in eternal oblivion. He shall be honored and reverenced; for he has achieved a conquest prouder than Alexander—he has overcome passion and sin. He has left no death-flood, no breaking hearts, no darkened homes, to cry out from the earth against him; he is *a moral conquerer*; his fame reaches Heaven; it is worthy the minstrelsy of angels, it is as enduring as God. Is there not glory in being such a hero? Who would not rejoice to wear his honors; to carve a name like his in the memory of a grateful world?

Original.

## HACKENSACK, N. J.

I had the pleasure, a short time since, of preaching a discourse in the very neat and convenient school-house, on the road between the railroad and Hackensack, about eleven miles from Newark.

The meeting was well attended, and being the first sermon from one of our faith ever delivered in the neighborhood, undivided attention was given to the arguments and reasonings presented. We have reason to believe, from what we have heard, that some good will grow out of the meeting. It has set some who were present to thinking on a subject in which they certainly all have an interest, viz: the salvation of the whole world. I have just learned, with pleasure, that some of the ministers in the region round about, have been preaching on the subject of this heresy. Said preaching in, in connection with a number of our N. Y. tracts, "*What is Universalism*," will prepare the way for a meeting in Hackensack which we hope shortly to hold. It is understood that there are quite a number in this village prepared to receive a more liberal and lovely view of God's character, and a more comprehensive and hopeful view of the Gospel than the "Dutch Reformed Church" has for years been holding up.

J. G.

*Newark, N. J.*

Original.

## THE COLLEGE.

Br. Bulkeley:—I am glad to learn that our prospect, of success in this enterprise is somewhat flattering. I do not know that I can throw any light upon the subject, or excite a deeper interest in it in the minds of our brethren, than already exists; but being a friend to the enterprise, it would not be improper for me, perhaps, to say a word upon the subject.

The question has been asked by some, whether we really need a College?—whether there are not institutions enough of this kind in the country, where our young men can go and receive an education with quite as little expense as at any institution we could establish? We answer, yes; there are Colleges in the country where our young men *can* go and receive an education; but the question is, will they do it? Will the young men who propose to enter our ministry, be as likely to avail themselves of a course of collegiate instruction in the present state of the case, as they would if we had a College of our own. At present they measure themselves with those who have just entered, or are about entering the ministry, and finding their education compares very well with theirs, they are satisfied with it; and so enter the field, oftentimes, without having learned what the word "study" really means.

Now, I am not about to say that these young men will do no good in the ministry; with warm hearts and active minds, and a true love for the cause of Christ, they will do much good. But I ask, and I would have every lover of Christianity ask himself, are they *prepared* for the great work that is before them? Is it enough that they have zeal and honesty? Are they prepared to do that amount of good in the world which a minister of Christ ought to do? Are they prepared to instruct a congregation and build up a society? Are they prepared to enforce the great truths of Christianity in such a manner as to make men believe and feel that they are true? If they are not, then what means are to be adopted to encourage a suitable degree of preparation.

I do not say that a College will do the whole work, but it will certainly raise the standard of education higher among us. It will bring together a certain number of our best men as instructors, with whom our young men can compare themselves, and see how much they have got to do before they are prepared to instruct the community—men who have been over the ground on which they have got to tread, and who are acquainted with every stumbling stone and pit-fall in the way of a successful minister; men in whom the Universalist denomination have confidence, and who are able to render an in-

calculable amount of service to those who design entering the ministry.

I do not know but that I may be mistaken in my opinion, but I believe there is not a minister in our denomination who, not having received a course of collegiate instruction, does not feel the need of it; who does not know that he could be more useful with it than without it, who would not gladly have embraced the opportunity of taking such a course, had a favorable one presented itself; who would not recommend to a young man designing to enter the ministry, to take such a course of instruction if it be possible.

If this be the true state of the case in relation to our young brethren, does it not become each one of us to put his shoulder to the wheel and help on this good work? But, perhaps some one will say, we are not able to do this great work; to raise a hundred thousand dollars will be making a draft upon our denomination which we are unable to bear. Now, certainly this is a great mistake, I think I can name forty men among us in this State of New York, (and we are not as strong as our eastern brethren,) who can both put up this college and endow it handsomely, without doing injury to their business, or injustice to their families. Now, I am not about to say that these men shall put their hands in their pockets, and pay for this institution alone. It is a denominational work, and the greater the number who lend their hand to it, the more general will be the interest felt in it, and the more prosperous will it undoubtedly be.

Who, then, will help Br. Skinner in this work? Do we want a better man to work for us than he; one in whose integrity and faithfulness we can more safely confide; one who has the interest of the denomination and the cause of education more deeply at heart? I trust there is more than one man among us who will say with him, "We want a College; we are able to build one, and we shall have one." MOSES GOODRICH.

*Clinton, Nov.* 9.

Original.

## SPIRIT OF BIGOTRY.

In looking over a number of the "Christian Advocate and Journal," the Methodist paper of New York, I noticed a letter written by a Mr. J. Chamberlain, of Yates, Niagara District, Genesee Co. N. Y. in which, in relating an account of a revival which had taken place, he uses the following language: "The principal contributions to this account (of conversions) have been taken from the common ranks of impenitence, while some have been *levied on Universalism and the Grogshop.*"

There, reader, that is very fine—some of the fruits of a revival. What a pity Mr. Chamberlain had not been included in the number of conversions. Evidently he needs baptizing in the spirit of Him whose kindness and good-will was peculiar to himself, and distinguished him as the bright pattern of the Christian life. But after glancing at the strange coupling of "Universalism and the Grogshop," I noticed in another part of the same paper an article which contained strong indications that some of the teachers in this Zion, or in the Methodist Church, had been keeping rather close company with intoxicating drinks. The article in question is a long review of Rev. J. N. Maffit, and his difficulties in Brooklyn, in reply to the "Genesee Evangelist," which paper seemed to sympathise with "the lonely stranger who brought his mite of sorrow, and laid the dew-starred treasure at Columbia's feet." In concluding the article, the author, who signs himself "Inquirer," proposes the following questions to the "Evangelist:" "First tell us, Mr. Evangelist, how much brandy it is lawful for two ministers to drink *per diem*, when they are carrying on a protracted meeting? Is it lawful for a minister of Christ, and one who professes to belong to the order of the Sons of Temperance, to carry in his trunk bottles of intoxicating drinks? To keep a demijohn of brandy under his head? And to call for and drink brandy at the bar on a steamboat? What should be done with the preacher—be he professor, doctor, or what else—who does all this, and exhibits, from time to time the most evident signs of being under the influence of strong drink?"

These questions are highly significant. Protracted meetings and brandy are very closely coupled together, as much so as in the former article, "Universalism and the Grogshop." However, the one shows the existence of a very bad spirit, and the other should teach a lesson of charity, showing that among the professed saints brandy is rather freely used. X. Y. L.

*Newark, N. J.*

# Foreign Correspondence.

## LETTER FROM BR. BALCH—NO. XXI.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND,
August 8, 1848.

BRS.:—After a refreshing bath in the pure waters of the Lake and an early breakfast, we left Zurich for the Rhigi. A fairy little steamer took us up the lake a few miles, when we were transferred to an omnibus and transported over the hills to Lake Zug, and along the margin of the placid water, to the little village of Art, situated at the very base of Rhigi. Here we were beset by a motley crowd; some asking us to take dinner, others to engage a horse, others a guide, others to buy a cane, and others sought the privilege of carrying our knapsacks. We rejected all but the last, deeming a table d' hote dinner a very unfit preparation for ascending the mountain, a horse "a vain thing for safety," the day being too warm to turn pedestrian in full armor, and the necessity of a cane, seven feet long we had not learned. But some of our party thought otherwise, and so took horses, and the Englishmen could not forego their dinners.

We, that is the Orthodox clergyman from Massachusetts, and his traveling companion from Wisconsin, Mr. H. and myself, started. Passing a bakery we purchased a loaf and some cheese, and one begged of the old lady some onions. Half way up the mountain we dined by the side of a fine spring. Crossing a narrow meadow, by a modest Catholic church, we began a rapid ascent by a zigzag path. Up, up, up; passed a few little cottages, with small patches of cultivated earth about them. Stopping to drink at a cool stream, our guide solemnly remonstrated, as we were very warm, assuring us that we could get wine, and "Kirsch-Wasser" at a short distance farther. We plead and practiced the principles of total abstinence. Half or two thirds of the way up, we issued from the forest of young trees into an open pasture with here and there a poor hut, tenated in summer by shepherds, who come here to tend their flocks. The view was very fine and continued to increase in vastness, grandeur, and beauty, all the way to the summit. We stopped at one of the huts, occupied as a stable, a drawing-room and dwelling house, and refreshed ourselves with some excellent goat's milk. Here we overtook and passed a Philadelphian, who had started in advance of us. A pull was now made for the top—the main contest being, as is common, between the two clergymen of the party. The liberal prevailed, and planted the American flag upon the highest point at the Culm, the lightning rod of an old frame-work on the ve-

ry summit. Others followed, and, just before dark, the Englishmen, who declared they would never undertake to climb another mountain on a full dinner.

A large number were now present, gazing at the grandeur and vastness. The guides, to show the extent of their knowledge, were pointing out the places, mountains, lakes, and villages, from the Black Forest on the north, the Jura range on the west, the more rugged scenery of the east, and the Oberland range piled up just before us all along the south. That high peak away there is Young Frau, that the Sidelhorn, that the Wetterhorn, this the Faulhorn. On the east here, says another, you see where that terrible avalanche from the Rossberg, buried five villages, houses and people, in an instant, in the year 1802, Sept, 2d. That little lake, called Lowertz, was partly filled up by the immense mass of rock which descended from the mountain. That romantic village, just this side of those sharp, naked mountains, which runs up three thousand feet, though apparently not a mile in circumference at the base, is Schwytz, famed in the history of William Tell. That smart town down there is Lucerne, and that the famed lake of the Four Forest Cantons, shooting its lovely bays far away to lave the base of those vast mountains. The sun went calmly and solemnly to its slumbers, and soon we retired to rest ourselves, in order to welcome its first returning rays, and witness a sunrise upon Rhigi.

But we were sadly disappointed. The noise in the *Salle a manger*, where late suppers and wine made the inmates exceedingly loquacious, was kept up till 1 o'clock, and before three I was out to watch the first glimpses of the morning rays as they stole up the eastern sky.—Dark clouds lay in the north and west which were most splendidly lighted, at short intervals, by the forked lightning which darted through their heavy folds and sent down a momentary fiery gleam upon the vast scene before me. I spent nearly an hour alone, gazing upon the awful sublimity around me. At length I was aroused from my reverie by a vender of toys and trinkets, who asked me to purchase some of his goods. I now descended to the Hotel to arouse my friends. Soon, one after another, were seen issuing out, some with cloaks, some with shawls, others with their white or red bed clothes wrapped around them. Men and women to the number of thirty or forty, gathered about in groups, jabbering in their various languages. The long range of the mountains, the outlines of which had been scarce discernable when alone, now began to stand out in solemn and awful mightiness as the tokens of day increased, their tall peaks, and deep dark glens became more distinct. There was but barely a chance for a clear sunrise, as the clouds spread over all the no th and west. As the light increased, and the red glare spread over the scattered clouds in the east, all became most intensely anxious. The snow-capped Alps, in the softened light, were indescribably grand.

*Voila, voila*, was shouted, and we saw the red tinge on the top of Young Frau. Gradually the rays descended lower and lower, and the dark shadows in the valleys gave a finer contrast to the scene. Soon the disk of the sun glared full in our face for a few moments, and then drew down a cloudy vale over it, and all hasted away to breakfast. A sun-rise anywhere is beautiful. On Rhigi it is sublimely grand.

The sun was *up* and all were now anxious to get *down* from Rhigi Culm. Some started in one direction, some in another. We took the route to Weggis, on lake Lucerne. For the first time I slung my knapsack and bore it to the lake. The rest preferred to gratify those who asked the privilege of carrying theirs. The ascent by this route is more steep and difficult than that by which we ascended. It was accomplished in two hours and a half. On our way down we met three Capuchin Friars, and some women connected with the Hospicre in a valley near the top of the mountain, with which is connected a chapel called "*Maria Zum Schnee*," the Lady of Snows. By the wayside we frequently saw crucifixes, set upon the rocks, and little shrines in boxes formed for the purpose, some not more than a foot long and six inches wide. Others were six times larger. In passing these I noticed that many bowed and crossed themselves. The reader will remember that four cantons in Switzerland are Catholic, while the rest are Protestant. A most implacable feeling of hatred and jealousy here, as in Ireland, exists on both sides. The Catholics always have a disposition to domineer. They combined here, a year or two ago and formed a compact called the Sunderbund, which lead to the threatening troubles which then followed. This was the centre of these difficulties. The forces were assembled at Lucerne, which was put in a state of defence. Fortunately the trouble was settled without a civil war. The Jesuits were expelled, and a tolerably good understanding now prevails, though there is no waste of love on either side.

After a pleasant bath in the lake, three of us hired two men to row us to Lucerne, the others preferring to go by the steamer. Our ride was most delightful. Lofty mountains closed all around us, except on the north. One arm of the lake penetrated far among the steep mountains on the south, and another swept round towards the large village of Kussnacht, where is the Chapel in which Gessler had prepared to confine Teli. This shore of the lake is bordered by fine lands and romantic cottages.

We reached this place in two hours, and spent the day in looking about this romantic town. It is an old place, with narrow, crooked streets, and few buildings worthy of notice. The bridges, of which there are four, are objects of curiosity. Three of them are covered, and all along the roofs on the cross timbers, are rude paintings. In one is a series of some 70 pictures, representing the "Dance of Death." Another has 150 pictures designed to represent some of the remarkable events in the history of Switzerland, and of the patron saints, St. Maurice and St. Leger. The other has more than 200 paintings; the bridge itself is 130 feet long. Going one way all the pictures seen are designed to illustrate subjects from the Old Testament; the reverse, from the New.

But the most interesting object here is the celebrated LION of *Thorwaldsen*. It is just out of the town, in a very retired spots sculptured in the side of a massive rock. It is designed to commemorate the massacre of the Swiss guards by Louis XVI.

"The monument represents a colossal lion dying amidst weapons and armorial bearings; the right paw resting upon an escutcheon bearing the arms of France, which he is no longer capable of defending. It is hewn out of the living rock, which forms a grotto around it forty-four feet long, and twenty-six high. The lion itself is twenty-eight feet and a half long, by eighteen high. The dying lion partly covers with his body a buckler, on which the *fleur de lis* is conspicuous, which he has no further power to defend; the lance which pierced his side remains, part of which is broken; the face expresses the grief of noble feelings and tranquil courage; his paw is extended as if to defend itself against a fresh attack; his half-shut eyes seem weeping for the fate of France, and as about to be closed forever. The sheet of water in front adds to the effect. The person who has the charge of the garden and monument relates, in French, the dimensions from the head to the tail, and from the tail to the snout, reports himself a survivor."

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"I hate to hear people talk behind one's back," as the robber said when the constable called "Stop thief!"

## MINUTES

*Of the Proceedings of the Missionary Society of the Chenango Association of Universalists, for* 1848.

Convened in South Bainbridge, Chenango county, September 6th, and 7th, and after uniting in prayer with Br. Morey, performed the business herein specified.

The President and Vice President being absent, Br. C. L. Shipman was chosen President, pro tem.

The minutes of the last year's session were read and approved.

Appointed Brs. Goodrich, Shipman and Carey, a committee to nominate the officers of this society for the following year, who named the succeeding, all of whom were unanimously elected.

Hon. C. Cole, Oxford, Chenango county, President; Rev. A. O. Warren, Smithville Flatts, Vice President; Rev. J. T. Goodrich, Oxford, Secretary; John Shattuck, Oxford, Treasurer.

*Trustees in Chenango County.*—Rev. C. L. Shipman, Columbus; Dr. E. S. Lyman, Sherburne; F. W. Ingersoll, Norwich; R. Case, Esq., Smyrna; M. Dodge, Plymouth; H. Willcox, Oxford; C. L. Beebee, Esq., Lincklean; H. N. Drew, German; John Brown, East Pharsalia; Mason Whipple, McDonough; A. Ross, Preston; A. Johnson, Esq., Greene; C. Church, South Bainbridge; E. Narramore, New Berlin; Dr. E. Cornell Coventryville; A. Hamilton, Esq., Guilford; (Mount Upton, P. O.;) E. Thompson, South Otselic; Charles P. Tarbell, Smithville Flatts.

*Trustees in Broome County.*—Rev. A. Peck, Binghampton; P. Hooper, Union; N. Dwight, Windsor; Rev. B. S. Hobbs, Upper Lisle; M. Adams, Lisle; Aaron G. Beeman, Colesville, (New Ohio, P. O.;) Isaiah Fuller, Sandford; G. M. Harrington, Esq., Barker; N. Benjamin, Vestal.

*Trustees in Delaware County.*—J. Thompson, Esq., Franklin; C. Rodgers, Davenport Centre; S. Olmstead East Davenport; J. Jay, Kortright; W. Woodward, Colchester; (Beaverskill P. O. Sullivan county;) A. W. Webb, Delhi; D. Odle, Harpersfield; W. St. John Walton; T. Coon, Tompkins; A. Baxter, Hancock; J. Adams. Hamden; O. N. Crane, Sidney; (Unadilla P. O. Otsego county;) L. Beach, Masonville; A. Stephenson, Stamford; D. Follet, Roxbury; W. Strong, West Meredith.

Appointed the President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, a central committee to ascertain what competent laborers can be engaged to supply the Missionary stations, and on what terms, and to call a meeting of the board for final action, and a Missionary Conference at such time and place as they may deem expedient, and in all other necessary respects to devise the best means of advancing the cause. Br. Goodrich to deliver an address at said Conference upon the missionary enterprise.

Resolved, That the Central Committee may select individuals to discourse upon the claims of the missionary movement, whenever and wherever they believe it required; and may publish in such a medium as they prefer, whatever they consider calculated to promote the interests of our common Zion.

Resolved, That the Treasurer pay upon the order of the Secretary, all the contingent expenses of the society that have already been or that within the year may be incurred.

Resolved, That if the Secretary should regard it advisable, he procure the printing of one hundred copies of the officers of his society.

Selected the Secretary to prepare the doings of this meeting for publication in the Universalist papers in this state, attended with such reflections as he thinks are demanded.

Adjourned to meet in Columbus, Chenango county, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in September, 1849.

C. L. Shipman, President, pro tem.
J. T. Goodrich Secretary.


# CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

**NEW-YORK:**

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., Publishers.


## LOVE TO ONE ANOTHER.

There are some things in which mankind are perfectly agreed. And it would seem the dictate of wisdom to take those points in which we are agreed to settle those in which we are not agreed. In this way we should be more likely to arrive at the truth than in any other. For instance: all are agreed that men should love one another. People of every faith believe this, and are ready to denounce hatred in the strongest and most decided terms. But all do not agree in saying that God loves all—that he loves his enemies—that he is kind to the unthankful. Here is a very wide difference of opinion; for some suppose that he hates those who hate him, and that his bosom is heaving with vengeance against all the violators of his law. But here we may ask, would God require us to love those he hates—to be better than himself? Such an idea cannot be entertained for a single moment. Instead of requiring us to go before or beyond himself in doing good, he simply requires us to follow—to imitate him. Besides; God is the fountain of all goodness; and all that we have comes from him. It is impossible, therefore, that our love should be greater or more extensive than God's. Hence, it is just as certain that God loves all, as that he requires universal love of his children.

The Apostle says, "If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." Why? What is the connection between the premise and conclusion? How does God's loving all make it our duty to love all? We answer. God is the standard of perfection—of right and wrong. Everything is right just in proportion as it bears a resemblance to him; and every thing is wrong just in proportion as it is at variance with him. Thus, the good man is said to be god-like, or like God. We are all required to be perfect as God is perfect—to be holy as he is holy—to be merciful as he is merciful.

The written law of God does not make love, justice, goodness and mercy right—does not constitute them what they are. Burn up every Bible in existence, and these would remain the same, unaltered both in their nature and their effects. They would be still adapted to human nature, still conducive to human happiness, still the highest and greatest blessing of society. The reason is, they have an inherent nature of their own; and are entirely independent of any outward law. Right is right, the world over. Men may differ respecting these. What one calls right another may call wrong; what one considers cruelty, another may regard as mercy. But still, justice, and mercy, and love, are universally the same. They are as unchanging and eternal as Jehovah himself. This shows then, why God's love to all makes it our duty to love all. He is righteousness, he is perfection, he is goodness; and the only way in which we can be righteous or perfect or good, is to be like him.

The enemies of Jesus, in their madness and desperation, have accused him of an unnecessary strictness; of being rigid be-

yond reason; of laying stress upon laws not invariably essential. This charge, we here see, is utterly groundless; for his written law is simply a transcript of those abstract principles, which have their foundation in the very nature of things. Make the law null and void; destroy the right of the Lawgiver to command, and every violation of what we now call right, would be followed by the same direful consequences which attend it now: hatred would still have all its bitterness, and malignity, and evil; and love all its union, and sweetness and joy.

Should it be asked: Wherein then, is the necessity of the written law? we answer, it is necessary to assist us in ascertaining what is duty, what is right and wrong; and to set before us the infinite Standard of all right, and all goodness. Thus, the Apostle first holds up God in the exercise of his love; and says: "If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." Suppose the rules by which numbers are reckoned and distances calculated were lost, numbers and distances would remain the same. Rules do not create principles; they simply reveal them, that we may know their proper application and use. It is the same in relation to the laws of God. Hence, the great truth that God loves, that love is of God, is the most conclusive of all reasons why we should love one another. That which he exercises, which governs all his acts, and which constitutes the eternal serenity of his bosom, must be best for man.

This position disallows altogether the idea of any hatred in God, of any anger, or wrath, or vengeance; for it shows that whatever God does is right, and should be done by man. If God hates, man may hate; if God is cruel, man may be cruel; if God is vindictive, man may be vindictive. We might say, let us hate one another, for hatred is of God; let us rave in the madness and fury of wrath, for wrath is of God.

The Apostle speaks of the way in which God loves, which leads us to suppose that there are different kinds of love in the world. And this we know. There is the love of friends—the love of countrymen—the love of enemies—the love of man as man. And before we can know in what sense we must love each other, we must know the way in which God loves. "Beloved, if God *so loved* us, we ought also to love one another." *So loved.* To know what is here meant we must go back to the preceding verses. In these the Apostle says: "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Here are three characteristics of God's love. 1. It is a love for those who have no love for him. 2. It is a love for his enemies. 3. It is a love which provides salvation for all men.

Here, then, is the way in which we are to love one another. We should love those who have no love for us—we should love even our enemies, and we should so love them as to seek their highest good. And all this we must do because God thus loves.

O. A. S.

## REV. ASA SPAULDING.

The Trumpet says:—"We feel great grief in being obliged to say, that the health of Rev. Asa Spaulding has become so much impaired, that he has been obliged to ask his dismission from his office as pastor of the Universalist Society in Milford, Mass. The event is one of deep sorrow to the Society. Mr. S. had been there but a short time. He is a truly good man, a good preacher, and in every respect amiable. He has returned to New Hampshire, and we must confess we fear the worst results. While life remains, however, there is hope; and we cannot cease to desire that he may be restored to health and usefulness. He is very highly esteemed wherever he is known.

## IS THE TRUTH DANGEROUS?

To our thinking, a more absurd suggestion than is contained in this question could not well be offered. And yet it is this very idea that haunts the minds of thousands, and embitters their whole lives. Often have we, in the course of our earthly pilgrimage, met with refined and generous souls, whose hearts were alive with sympathy for humanity, and who would say to us, "O, I would give all the world if I could believe as you do! If I could be satisfied of the final triumph of holiness over sin, life over death, and the reconciliation of all things to God in a state of purity and bliss, I should be the happiest person in existence!" Why, then, we have asked of such persons, do you not believe? It cannot be for the want of evidence. God hath spoken it "by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." The heavenly hosts proclaimed it when they sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Christ taught it, and the holy Evangelists were sent forth to proclaim it to all the world. All earth and heaven, both the word and works of God combine to teach that God is good; not to a few or a part of his creatures merely, but to all that he has made. Not capriciously or changefully, but immutably good, "without variableness, or even the shadow of turning." Not good in time merely, for it is expressly declared, "that neither *death* nor *life*, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Why, then, do not men believe it, and receive the peace, joy, and satisfaction that must necessarily spring from such a belief? Not surely for the want of evidence to sustain the truth, —not because they not do wish for it, and pray for it—but because it is so dangerous to believe it!

Reader, are you one of those who dare dispute or doubt God's truth, on the plea that it may be dangerous to confide in it? Let me then ask you, in all seriousness and candor, whether it be possible for you to offer a greater affront to the Majesty of heaven than thus to arraign or impeach his truth? Dare you tell your Maker that he has in so many and in so great a variety of ways, revealed a truth that is dangerous to you, or dangerous to the world? Ponder this question well before you again venture to say that the truth may be dangerous to the soul, and remember that though your doubts on this great subject may not doom you to hell in the future state, they will be very sure to make a hell for you here.

S. C. B.

## IOWA CONVENTION—CREEDS, &C.

The above named body, held its annual session in Iowa City, on the 16th, 17th and 18th days of September. One of the most important things connected with the session, was the action with regard to an amendment of the Constitution, and in reference to creeds. After indulging in the usual amount of cant, and rigmarole about creeds, such as has come to be quite popular with a certain set of Deists, in this section, and after condemning all creeds as containing the very essence of almost every nameable abomination, the Convention proceeded with most admirable consistency to enact as follows:

"ART. 3. This Association will acknowledge no creed or confession of Faith, except a simple recognition of the truth of the Christian religion, as revealed in the Bible, but will extend its fellowship and communion to all who may wish to enjoy it; provided they have faith in God, the Universal Father, in mankind as the immortal subjects of the Divine government, and in Christ as the highest manifestation of the moral attributes of God to the human race, and provided further, that their

lives are regulated by the great moral law of Christianity, which is fulfilled in love to God and man."

There now! If anybody wants a longer creed, than has just been framed and adopted by that liberty-loving, creed abhoring body, the Iowa State Convention, they must be difficult to be satisfied. After telling us that creeds are like "iron shoes to the feet," calculated to "produce pain and deformity, and make religious dwarfs of us," they say, we "will acknowledge no *creed, except, provided.*" What business have they with "except" and "provided,"—Do they want, "iron shoes on their feet," and to be made religious dwarfs?" They say they "will acknowledge no creed" except one about twice as long as any other Convention, or Association, has ever thought of adopting. Verily, our own denomination is not wholly exempt from that class of men, "who strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

## DEATH OF REV. ALBERT ADAMS FOLSOM.

We are called upon, this week, to record the death of Rev. A. A. Folsom, pastor of the Universalist Society in Springfield, Mass. He died Nov. 12th, at his residence, aged 39 years. He was taken ill on Saturday, the 4th inst. The next day being Sabbath, he sent his son to inform the friends of his illness, and to say, that in consequence of it, there would no meeting on that day. A physician was called the same day. On Monday he was worse, and his distress very great. The physician thought he was afflicted with the Sciatica, and treated him accordingly; but no relief was obtained. His sufferings continued to be dreadful; and if there was any abatement of them, it was only in consequence of the decrease of his strength. On Saturday, the 11th inst., his mind began to be affected, and from that time until his death he was deprived of his reason. A post mortem examination caused the physician to change his opinion in regard to the nature of his sickness, and to consider it a malignant case of typhus fever.

Br. Folsom was born in Exeter, N. H., though the principal portion of the early part of his life, was spent in Portsmouth, N. H. He had probably been in the ministry sixteen or seventeen years, and was settled first in Freeport, Me.; next in Hingham, Mass.; next in Cabotville, (now Chicopee,) a village in Springfield, Mass.; next in the main village of the town. He had been in the latter place nearly five years, and had as many warm and devoted friends as a minister ever possessed. As a speaker he was deliberate and highly interesting. He had a very rich voice, which was perfectly subject to his control. He was a very ready speaker, and could, without any preparation, acquit himself in a most happy manner. He often had texts handed to him when entering church, which he discussed greatly to the satisfaction of his hearers. He was a very social and companionable man, and always cheerful and happy. In his family he was kind and pleasant, and, though he treated his children as companions, his control over them was such as to render them uniformly obedient. At the time of his death he was living with his second wife, a most estimable woman, who deeply laments his decease. He has left four children, two sons and two daughters—the eldest 17 years, and the youngest two years. Three of these are the children of his first wife.

His funeral was attended on the 15th inst. by an immense concourse of people. At one o'clock a prayer was offered by Br. W. R. G. Mellen, of Chicopee, at the residence of the deceased; after which his remains were carried to the church, followed by a large procession. Though every part of the house where a person could stand or sit, was occupied, not more than about one half were able to gain admittance. The services were commenced by a funeral anthem. Next followed the reading of the Scriptures by Br. Mellen, and next the hymn, commencing:

"Sweet is the scene where virtue dies."

After this, a prayer was offered by Br. G. W. Gage, which was succeeded by a hymn, on the death of a minister. Next followed the Sermon, by Br. O. A. Skinner. His subject was: "The causes of the sorrow of a Society when its minister dies." After the sermon, a prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Nightingale, Unitarian, of Chicopee. The services were concluded by an anthem.

The body was then taken in charge by the Lodge of I. O. of O. F., of which he was a member, and conveyed to the cemetery, followed by a very large procession of the fraternity. Their impressive and appropriate service was read at the tomb, and a sprig of evergreen deposited by each of the brothers upon his coffin, as an emblem of the life which never ends.

Thus closed the solemn services of the sad occasion, and the widowed mother with her fatherless children, returned to her sad and desolate home. May the Lord be her guide and support, and the guardian and guide of her children.

## AN ORAL DEBATE.

We have received a copy of a debate on the coming of the Son of man, endless punishment, and universal salvation, held in Milton, Ind., Oct. 26, 27 and 28, 1847, between Erasmus Manford and Benjamin Franklin. It is a 16 mo. of nearly 300 pages, and is well printed on fair paper. Br. Manford is a zealous and devoted minister, and has labored nobly in our cause for many years. Of Mr. Franklin we have no knowledge. He is, we believe, editor of a paper, entitled the Western Reformer. Not having had time to read the discussion, we cannot speak of its merits. We give the following from the concluding speech of Br. Manford.

"A few words, and I will close. There are some almost infinite differences between the faith of my friend and the faith of which I am an humble advocate. The one is contrary to the better feelings of our nature, and seems to the reasoning mind an infinite absurdity. The other fulfils the most enlarged desires of the purest and most benevolent souls, and fully reconciles all the ways of God to man; removing all doubts which the present existence of evil may have thrown around the goodness of God. The one engenders superstition, bigotry, and intolerance, and fills the mind with gloomy doubts, sad forebodings, and destructive fears. The other has no affinity with superstition and cannot exist with it. It teaches that all men are brethren, and that all have a common Father; hence, it is entirely opposed to everything like bigotry or intolerance; it dispels all doubts, bids all our forebodings cease, and effectually destroys every tormenting fear. The one has had for its strongest advocates the fiercest despots, the most savage and cruel tyrants, and the most furious and unrelenting bigots that have ever disgraced the earth. The other has never had any such votaries, and could not have from the nature of the doctrine itself. The one teaches: *First*, Either that God had a bad and cruel design in creating man, and that that design will most certainly be accomplished. Or *secondly*, That He had a benevolent design, but will not be able to accomplish it. Or *thirdly*, That He had no design whatever. The other teaches that God had a great and good design in creating man, and that His designs cannot be frustrated; for "He doeth his will in the army of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto Him, what doest thou?" And what "His soul desireth, even that He doeth."

Of one it may be truly said that it were better if it should prove *false* than *true*. Of the other this could not be said with any semblance of truth. The one fosters and cherishes the spirit of partiality, cruelty, and retaliation. The other inculcates the spirit of universal love, kindness, and forgiveness, as its crowning principles.

The one sharpens the sting of death, the other *takes away* the sting of death.

The one acknowledges Christ to be the Savior only of those that believe. The other that He is the "Savior of *all men*, es-

pecially of those that believe;" and that Christ could not be an "especial" Savior, unless he was the Savior of *all*. The one teaches that endless sighs and groans shall forever ascend from the caverns of horror and the regions of black despair. The other teaches that "every creature which is in Heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them," shall be "heard saying, Blessing and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

The one teaches that the Devil shall be king forever, and that nine-tenths of all rational intelligences shall be his subjects.—The other teaches that the Devil and all his works shall be destroyed, and that God, who is Love, shall be "*all in all*."

The one runs the line of endless separation between families and friends, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters. The other teaches that all shall meet again—that the links of affection shall again be united in one golden chain, which shall bind all hearts in one universal bond of love.

The one teaches that Christ will never be able to accomplish his mission. The other teaches that "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be *satisfied*." It teaches also that Christ shall reign "until he hath put all enemies under his feet," and that "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." "Then shall come to pass the saying, O death where is thy sting; O grave where is they victory?" Then shall all the ransomed of the Lord return and come unto heavenly Zion with songs and everlasting joys upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

## A METHODIST RIDICULING THE BAPTISTS.

One Robert S. Timeley lately gave, in the Nashville Methodist paper, an account of a revival on the De Kalb circuit.—Among other things he says, some "prayed as though they saw the boiling flames of Tophet and heard the thunders of Divine wrath." That must have been tremendous praying; and it must have taken tremendous preaching to produce such an effect.

But the most amusing part of the article is where the writer speaks of the Baptists, in the following manner:

"Our Baptist friends, true to their purpose, immediately followed in our wake, crying with stentorian voice, Water! water!! water!!! It would seem that they conscientiously believe Heaven to be an Island literally surrounded by waters, and that their ship is the only vessel that can navigate them.

Now when the Anti-Missionaries and Campbellites agree among themselves as to which has the vessel insured against the dangers of the voyage, and then convince us that a water passage is the only chance, we will take a berth, provided they have state-rooms, and will permit us to take our wives and children with us."

In this manner one self-styled evangelical church endeavors to proselyte and steal away the converts made by another; and in this manner one evangelical church ridicules and sneers at the most solemn rite believed in by another; and all expect to go to the same heaven together, and that too, without a change after death!

We cut the above from a late number of the "Star in the West." These people who believe in a hell, for their neighbors, are a jolly set of fellows, after all.

## REV. A. A. THAYER.

This Brother, who has been pursuing his studies under the charge of Rev. A. Case of Worcester, Mass., has recently commenced preaching. He is said to be a young man of good acquirements, industrious habits, excellent moral character, and a good speaker. He is ready to preach the Gospel, and will attend to such calls as the friends may make for his services.

## HOME MISSIONARY.

Br. A. R. Abbott of Lowell, Mass., has been appointed Home Missionary by the Boston Missionary Association. He is a man of good talents, and we hope that his labors will be abundantly blessed.

## CONFERENCE AT BRAMAN'S CORNERS.

A Conference of the Hudson River Association, was held at the above named place, agreeably to previous notice. Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, during a part of the time, and the badness of the roads, there was a good attendance, and a devout interest manifested in the preached word. The public services were commenced on Tuesday evening by a Sermon from Rev. G. Collins, of Hudson. Text, 1 Cor. xvi. 13. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

He commenced by noticing the general prosperity of our cause,—and remarked that notwithstanding the progress we had made we must not flatter ourselves that our work is done. The words of the text may be considered as addressed to each of us. The speaker proceeded to point out the different ways, by which we can aid the cause, and urged particularly the importance of maintaining a deportment in harmony with our profession—and also of holding friendly conversation on religious subjects, with such as might be profited in this way, and of a regular and punctual attendance at church.

On Wednesday morning, a Sermon was preached by Rev. C. T. Corliss, from Matt. viii. 7. The discourse was well received by the audience, and we regret that circumstances should have prevented us from giving a more particular account of it. Rev. W. H. Waggoner, preached in the afternoon, from the passage in Rom. viii. 9: "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

He began by observing, that though the idea is entertained by many that all do not belong to Christ by inheritance, yet such an opinion is not warranted by the text, nor by any part of the Scripture testimony. After showing that the text does not refer to a future state, the speaker proceeded in a very happy manner to illustrate its true import, and the necessity of having the spirit of Christ, in order to answer the true ends of our existence here, and to receive the enjoyment which can only be imparted to us through its influence.

In the evening a discourse was delivered by Rev. S. C. Bulkeley, on the evils and dangers of self deception, in matters of religion, and the duty and importance of guarding ourselves against those evils.

After the Sermon, a very interesting conference was held, in which remarks were offered by Revds. J. H. Harter, Collins, Waggoner, Corliss, Bulkeley and Aspinwall.

On Thursday morning, Rev. J. H. Harter, preached from Eph. v. 1. "Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children." He remarked upon the awful consequences that would result from obedience to this precept, according to the popular views of the divine character, and of the better practical tendency of the views entertained by Universalists, and urged with much earnestness the importance of living up to our principles, in our intercourse with the world.

The discourse at the close of the conference on Thursday afternoon, was delivered by the Rev. S. C. Bulkeley, on the nature of true religion, its harmony with the divine attributes, its adaptedness to meet the wants and contribute to the improvement of the world. It is hoped and believed that some good impressions were made, upon the minds of the numerous audience in attendance. The true Universalist hospitality, manifested by the Society with whom the conference was held, will be long and gratefully remembered by their guests on the occasion. Altogether it was a most pleasant and profitable meeting.

☞ The venerable Harrison Gray Otis died at his residence in Boston on Saturday morning week aged 83

## LETTER FROM BR. BARRY—DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

By the following letter, our readers will see that Br. Barry has returned to Wisconsin, after a brief visit and sickness in this region, and reached home only in season to lay the remains of his little daughter in the cold embraces of the grave. We assure Br. B. that he has our sincere sympathies. We commend him to that great fountain of grace and mercy where alone true consolation can be found.—*Magazine & Advocate.*

"RACINE, Oct. 11, 1848.

"BR. SKINNER,—After a long absence because of severe illness East, I reached home on Thursday last: but only to find that home darkened by death, and the abode of deep affliction and distress. The little girl who used to prattle at my knee, and who would meet me at the gate, and say, "Father is come," lay cold, and pale in her cradle-bed—the little heart pulseless and still, the lips mute, and the eyes closed in their dreamless slumber. On the next day we laid her in the grave, to moulder there, until all that shall remain to us here of our child will be a handful of coffin dust, and the memories the wrung heart shall gather up of the absent and the lost. We have indeed seen affliction, and drank deeply of the cup of sorrow. But we are sustained by a Father's grace, comforted by the precious truths of his word, and when earth'ss tormy night is o'er, we hope to meet with the loved and the lost in the morning, to part no more forever!

"My health is still quite poor, but I think improving. Mrs. B. is very much worn down by watching and grief, though her composure is great. We beg to be remembered in much love to your family.

"Affectionately yours,

"A. C. BARRY."

## THE ANCESTRY OF WASHINGTON.

The Albany Evening Journal, referring to the fact that Mr. Mascord of that city has recently visited the village of Sulgrave, Eng., to obtain infomation concerning Sir Lawrence Washington, an ancester of Geo. Washington, says: 'Mr. Mascord, in his recent visit to England, was also at the residence of the ancestors of Washington, and brought with him a fine painting of the old Washington Mansion, with a plaster cast of the monuments of deceased members of the family now to be seen in the church at Sulgrave.'

The paintings, are views of the exterior and interior of the Washington Mansion manor-house at Sulgrave. This building was occupied by Lawrence Washington, the great, great-grand-father of the illustrious American patriot, George Washington. The plaster cast is a copy of a brass plate lying on the floor of the family pew in the church at Sulgrave, and bears date of 1564. There are with these other interesting relics obtained by Mr. Mascord, all of which are now exhibiting at *Van Schaack's* Variety Store, 385, Broadway, Albany.

## REV. T. CLAPP'S SERMON ON HELL.

This Sermon, which we published some months since in thi paper, has recently been published in pamphlet form in Troy N. Y. It is neatly printed, and on good paper. We have had many calls for the Sermon, which we could not answer; and we are glad that we are now able to supply those who wish it. No Sermon has been published for years that has done so much for our cause. Price 6 1-4 cts.

Punch says he knows a man so fat that they grease wagon wheels with his shadow.

## DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION AT NORWICH, CONN.

The Universalist Church at Norwich, having been much enlarged by the addition of 24 ft. to its length, and otherwise greatly improved, was re-dedicated to the worship of God, the Father of all men, on Wednesday last.

The order of services was as follows:

Invocation; Br. H. Lyon

Reading the Scriptures; Br. T. Borden, 2d.

Hymn.

Dedicatory Prayer; Br. H. Bacon.

Original Hymn, written by Br. E. W. Reynolds.

Sermon: Br. Moses Ballou.

Hymn.

Benediction.

The Sermon by Br. Ballou, was a clear and forcible exposition of Gospel truth, worthy of its author and well adapted to the occasion. It was listened to by a large and respectable congregation with earnest attention, on whom it cannot fail of exerting a salutary influence.

In the evening Br. E. W. Reynolds was installed Pastor of the Society. The following was the order of services:

Hymn.

Prayer: Br. L. Holmes.

Original Hymn, written by Mrs. Perry.

Sermon; Br. H. Bacon.

Installing Prayer; Br. M. Ballou.

Charge and delivery of the Scriptures; Br. H. Lyon.

Right hand of Fellowship; Br. T. Borden, 2d.

Address to the Society; Br. Bacon.

Benediction; Pastor.

The large church was well filled on this occasion by people who seemed deeply interested in the services. The sermon was one of Br. Bacon's happiest efforts, able and eloquent, and told with decided effect upon the audience.

Services were also held on Thursday evening, when a discourse was delivered by the writer, to a respectable congregation.

The occasion above mentioned was, altogether, one of much interest, and one that will be remembered with pleasure.

Our cause seems decidedly prosperous in Norwich. We have there some devoted friends, proved such by long trial, and they will never desert the banner of Gospel truth, to which they are so strongly attached. They have now a large and beautiful church, in one of the best locations in the city, and a Pastor, of whom they all speak well, who is resolved to labor faithfully in his high calling. May God richly bless them all, and grant them abundant success.

H. L.

## GOD'S PURPOSE.

As no intelligent being can act without a purpose, God must have had one when he made man. What was that purpose? Did he make him for happiness or misery? St. Paul has given the answer—"Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself: that in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; *even* in him." Who can doubt this testimony? A being perfectly good, cannot be the author of an evil purpose. An evil being only can purpose evil. Now all are agreed that endless misery is the greatest of all evils—an infinite evil. God then never purposed it. On the contrary he purposed the endless happiness of all.

The Legislature of Vermont is discussing the project of a law for granting divorce in cases of insanity.

## PORT JACKSON.

We had the satisfaction on our return from the Conference of the H. R. Association, a short time since, of preaching to quite a numerous and respectable audience at the above place. From the attention given to the preached word, we are encouraged to hope, that something may yet be done for our cause in this place, though the state of religious feeling is deplorably low in the community, as we were informed. This state of things may be regarded as the natural result of the errors and false doctrines that have long held sway there, and can only be remedied by a faithful inculcation of the principles of the gospel in their purity. There are as yet but few believers in the place, but we trust through their zeal and faithfulness their numbers will be greatly multiplied. We met in this place our worthy Br. Belding, who through bodily infirmity has for some time been incapacitated for the work of the ministry. We rejoice to learn that he has in a measure recovered, and hope ere long to hear from him again battling in the cause of truth, for which he still retains an unwavering attachment. S. C. B.

## A WORD EXPLANATORY.

Br. Bulkeley:—I am rejoiced to learn, as I do from a recent communication in your paper, that our cause in Portsmouth, N. H., has received a new and vigorous impulse from the labors of my successor, Br. S. S. Fletcher. Private advices from my friends there, also speak in flattering terms of their prospects.

I find, however, that a little misapprehension has arisen from a single expression in his letter, which I wish to have corrected.

Instead of *re-organizing*, he speaks of having *organized* a Sabbath School, &c., as though no organization had previously existed, and many of my friends have asked me, in much surprise, if I, professing to be a friend of Sunday Schools, had been in a Society for nearly ten years without a Sabbath School?

Suffice it to say then, that a School was originally organized under the pastoral labors of my predecessor there, our late Br. T. F. King. With its occasional *suspensions* it has existed ever since; at times flourishing, and again languishing, until recently Br. F. has put it in a very popular condition. He seems to be very zealous and hopeful, and I should be sorry to throw a shadow across his path; but if he can keep a Sabbath School there, in a truly flourishing condition, for any great length of time, he will do what I could never accomplish. Let us hope that he may.

In haste, yours, M. Ballou.

*Bridgeport*, Nov. 12.

## GOD'S WILL.

St. Paul says, that God will have all men to be saved, and come to a knowledge of the truth. This declaration has done much to perplex those who believe in the eternity of punishment, and they have tried in various ways to evade its meaning. Some have said, that the will of God to save all, was only a will of desire, and not a will of purpose, as though God can desire that which he does not purpose, and will not accomplish. Others have said that it means only, that he is willing to have all saved, as though God has no *wish* in regard to the happiness of all. Others have said, that the will to save all is his revealed will, and that he has a secret will to save only a part. And others have said, that though he wills to save all, his will may be defeated, and is daily defeated. In proof of this, they give the fact, that all are not now saved. Such forget that the non-accomplishment of a work is no proof that it never will be accomplished. God did his will in converting Saul, even though for a long time he continued a violent enemy of the Christians.

## ABDUCTION OF A FEMALE.

Several weeks since, a young lady by the name of Smith, aged about seventeen years, who resided in Greene-street, in this city left her home early one afternoon, to attend school. She went to school, but returned not to her home; and though the most diligent search has been made, by her friends and the police, not the slightest trace of her has been discovered. A few days before her mysterious disappearance, her mother received a letter intimating, that a plan for the abduction of her daughter, had been formed. By whom the letter was written is not known. It may have been by some inmate of a brothel, in whom a remnant of humanity was left. From the general character of the young lady, and from the fact, that her appearance on the day that she left was the same as usual, it is very evident that she was forced away. The conclusion is indeed horrible, and shows the dangers amid which we live. That *she is dead, or worse than dead*, there is but little room for doubt. And yet, our community is not aroused by the case. We sleep on, just as though nothing had occurred. The thousand brothels of our city must have victims for immolation on their bloody altars, and if the seductive voice of sin cannot obtain them, the hand of violence is employed. It is high time to awake, for the majesty of public opinion to speak through laws that shall enable an innocent female to walk, in broad day-light, our streets in safety.

## BROOKLYN FAIR.

We would call the attention of our readers to the notice of the above pleasant affair in our last. It is to come off on Tuesday and Wednesday next. Our friends in Brooklyn are struggling hard, and we hope they will meet wtih that encouragement and aid which their misfortune and their persevering efforts deserve. We judge from the notices in the Brooklyn papers it is to be a great occasion. One of them says it will doubtless be the best thing of the kind ever started there. The Rooms alone are worth a visit, and as the walls are to be decorated with a large number of paintings and engravings, it will be worth twice two shillings merely to see the arrangements. The Ladies have been presented with several rich offerings, among which is a head of Washington, from Stuart, by the celebrated artist Frothingham, who is engaged by the city, to paint a full length portrrait for the City Hall at the price of $1000. This painting is to be distributed by lot, we suppose, and we advise our friends to be there and look after it. Look at the notice.

The *Fair* opens on Tuesday at 2 P. M Tickets 25 cts. It closes at 3 o'clock, on Wednesday. The *Festival* commences at 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening, Tickets 50 cts.

There will be a view of the New Church at the Fair. It is said it will be the most beautiful Church in the denomination.

## THE ACADEMY AT SOUTH WOODSTOCK, VT.

The Universalist Watchman says:—"We learn with pleasure that the Academy at South Woodstock is in a prosperous condition—the number of pupils 112."

Graham's American Monthly Magazine for December has been received. It is conducted with rare ability, and deservedly ranks as the best and most popular among our literary periodicals.

The present number closes the volume, and is embellished with three fine steel engravings. A new volume will commence a the beginning of the year, and we bespeak for it a patronage commensurate with its merits.

## DEATH OF MRS. GALLAGER.

We are pained to record the death of Mrs. Gallager, wife of Rev. J. Gallager, of Newark N. J. After a long and painful illness, which she bore with exemplary Christian fortitude and resignation, she expired on Saturday morning last. We extend to our bereaved brother, and those children, who by this sad event have been deprived of a tender mother's" care, our heartfelt sympathy, and devoutly, pray that their affliction may be sanctified to their spiritual good.

# Miscellaneous Department.

Selected.

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## TWILIGHT DREAMS.

BY REV. T. B. THAYER.

Here again at this old window,
While I watch the fading light,
Twilight's shadows fall around me,
Shaken from the wings of Night.

Olden memories now are streaming
Through the chambers of my soul,
Like the light of North Aurora,
Flaming upward from the pole.

Early scenes rise up before me,
With the freshness of to-day,
Hoary age, and childhood meet me
With their welcome by the way.

Here they come and cluster round me,
And I know them all by name,
And their dear familiar faces,
Every look is still the same.

And the sound of pleasant voices,
That I loved so well to hear,
Falls again like sweetest music
On my glad and grateful ear.

But one cometh now to greet me,
With a calm, majestic mien,
With a face of heavenly beauty,
Loving, holy, and serene—

Sainted Mother! hast thou known then,
All my dreams and yearnings wild?
Hast thou heard my often praying,
And come back to bless thy child?

Here then, kneeling down beside thee,
As thou at my childhood's bed,
O, once more with prayer and blessing,
Lay thy hand upon my head!

Hush my heart—that I may listen
To those tones so full of love,
Like the soft, low strains of angels,
Breathing from their harps above.

Now, dear mother, God reward thee
For the blessing thou hast given,
For the precious promise left me,
That we meet again in heaven.

Onward then I yet will struggle,
Howe'er dark the way may be;
For it is enough, sweet mother,
That it leads at last to thee.

## THE MAN IN THE RESERVOIR.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

You may see some of the best society in New York on the top of the Distributing Reservoir any of these fine November mornings. There were two or three carriages in waiting, and half a dozen senatorial-looking mothers with young children, pacing the parapet, as we basked there the other day in the sunshine—now watching the pickerel that glide along the lucid edges of the black pool within, and now looking off upon the scene of rich and wondrous variety that spreads along the two rivers on either side.

"They may talk of Alpheus and Arethusa," murmured an idling sophomore, who had found his way thither during recitation hours, "but the Croton in passing over an arm of the sea at Spuyten-duyvil, and bursting to sight again in this truncated pyramid, beats it all hollow. By George, too, the bay yonder looks as blue as ever the Ægean Sea to Byron's eye, gazing from the Acropolis! But the painted foliage on those crags!—the Greeks must have dreamed of such a vegetable phenomenon in the midst of their grayish olive groves, or they never would have supplied the want of it in their landscape by embroidering their marble temples with gay colors. Did you see that pike break, sir?"

"I did not."

"Zounds! his silver fin flashed upon the black Acheron, like a restless soul that hoped yet to mount from the pool."

"The place seems suggestive of fancies to you?" we observed in reply to the rattle-pate.

"It is indeed, for I have done up a good deal of anxious thinking within a circle of a few yards, where that fish broke just now."

"A singular place for meditation—the middle of the reservoir!"

"You look incredulous, sir, but it's a fact. A fellow can never tell until he is tried in what situation his most earnest meditations may be concentrated. I am boring you though?"

"Not at all. But you seem so familiar with the spot, I wish you could tell me why that ladder leading down to the water is lashed against the stone-work in yonder corner?"

"That ladder," said the young man, brightening at the question; "why the position, perhaps the very existence of that ladder, resulted from my meditations in the reservoir, at which you smiled just now. Shall I tell you all about them?"

"Pray do."

"Well, you have seen the notice forbidding any one to fish in the reservoir. Now, when I read that warning, the spirit of the thing struck me at once, as inferring nothing more than that one should not sully the temperance potations of our citizens by steeping bait in it, of any kind; but you probably know the common way of taking pike with a slip-noose of delicate wire. I was determined to have a touch at the fellows with this kind of tackle. I chose a moonlight night; and an hour before the edifice was closed to visitors, I secreted myself within the walls determined to pass the night on the top. All went as I could wish it. The night proved cloudy, but it was only a variable drift of broken clouds which obscured the moon. I had a walking cane-rod with me which would reach to the margin of the water, and several feet beyond, if necessary. To this was attached the wire, about fifteen inches in length. I prowled along the parapet for a considerable time, but not a single fish could I see. The clouds made a flickering light and shade, that wholly foiled my stedfast gaze. I was convinced that should they come up thicker, my whole night's adventure would be thrown away. "Why should I not descend the sloping wall and get nearer on a level with the fish, for thus alone can I hope to see one?" The question had hardly shaped itself in my mind before I had one leg over the iron railing. If you look around, you will see now that there are some half dozen weeds growing here and there amid the fissures of the solid masonary. In one of the fissures from whence these spring I planted a foot, and began my descent. The reservoir was fuller than it is now, and a few strides would have carried me to the margin of the water. Holding on to the cleft above, I felt round with one foot for a place to plant it below me. In that moment the flap of a pound pike made me look round, and the roots of the weed upon which I partially depended gave way, as I was in the act of turning. Sir, one's senses are sharpened in deadly peril; as I live now, I distinctly heard the bells of Trinity chiming midnight as I rose to the surface the next instant, immersed in the stone cauldron, where I must swim for my life, Heaven only could tell how long! I am a capital swimmer; and this, naturally, gave me a degree of self possession. Falling as I had, I of course had pitched out some distance from the sloping parapet. A few strokes brought me to the edge. I really was not yet certain but that I could clamber up the face of the wall anywhere. I hoped that I could, I felt certain at least there was some spot where I

might get hold with my hands, even if I did not ultimately ascend it. I tried the nearest spot. The inclination of the wall was so vertical, that it did not even rest me to lean against it. I felt with my hands and with my feet. Surely, I thought, there must be some fissure like that in which that ill-omened weed had found a place for its roots! There was none. My fingers became sore in busying themselves with the harsh and inhospitable stones. My feet slipped from the smooth and slimy masonry beneath the water; and several times my face came in rude contact with the wall, when my foothold gave way on the instant that I seemed to have found some diminutive rocky cleft upon which I could stay myself. Sir, did you ever see a rat drowned in a half filled hogshead? how he swims round and round and round; and after vainly trying the sides again and again with his paws, fixes his eyes upon the upper rim, as if he would *look himself* out of his watery prison. I thought of the miserable vermin, thought of him as I had often watched thus his dying agonies, when a cruel urchin of eight or ten. Boys are horribly cruel, sir, boys, women and savages. All child-like things are cruel: cruel from a want of thought, and from perverse ingenuity, although by instinct each of these is so tender. You may not have observed it, but a savage is as tender to its own young as a boy is to a favorite puppy—the same boy that will torture a kitten out of existence. I thought then, I say, of the rat drowning in a half filled cask of water, and lifting his gaze out of the vessel as he grew more and more desperate, and I flung myself on my back, and floating thus, fixed my eyes upon the face of the moon.

"The moon is well enough in her way, however you may look at her; but her appearance is, to say the least of it, peculiar to a man floating on his back in the centre of a stone tank with a dead wall of some fifteen or twenty feet rising squarely on every side of him. (The young man smiled bitterly as he said this, and shuddered once or twice before he went on, musingly!") The last time I had noted the planet with any emotion she was on the wane. Mary was with me: I had brought her out here one morning to look at the top of the reservoir. She said little of the scene, but as we talked of our old and childish loves, I saw that its fresh features were incorporating themselves with tender memories of the past, and I was content. There was a rich golden haze upon the landscape, and as my own spirits rose amid the voluptuous atmosphere, she pointed to the waning planet, discernable like a faint gash in the welkin, and wondered how long it would be before the leaves would fall! Strange girl! did she mean to rebuke my joyous mood, as if we had no right to be happy while nature, withering in her pomp, and the sickly moon wasting in the blaze of noontide, were there to remind us of the gone forever? 'They will all renew themselves, dear Mary, said I, encouragingly; 'and there is one that will ever keep tryste alike with thee and Nature through all seasons, if thou wilt but be true to one of us, and remain as now a child of nature.' A tear sprang to her eye, and then searching her pocket for her card-case, she remembered an engagement to be present at Miss Lawson's opening of fall bonnets, at two o'clock! And yet, dear, wild, wayward Mary, I thought of her now! You have probably outlived this sort of thing, sir; but I, looking at the moon, as I floated upturned to her yellow light, thought of the loved being whose tears I knew would flow when she heard of my singular fate, at once so grotesque, yet melancholy to awfulness. And how often we have talked, too, of that Carian shepherd who spent his damp nights upon the hills, gazing, as I do, on the lustrous planet! Who will revel with her amid those old superstitions? Who from our own unlegended woods will evoke their yet undetected, haunting spirits? Who peer with her in prying scrutiny into Nature's laws, and challenge the whispers of poetry from the voiceless throat of matter? Who laugh merrily over the stupid guesswork of pedants, that never mingled with the infinitude of nature, through love exhaustless and all-embracing, as we have? Poor girl, she will be companionless! Alas! companionless forever—save in the exciting stages of some brisk flirtation:—She will live hereafter by feeding other hearts with love's lore she has learned from me, and then, Pygmalion-like, grow fond of the images she has herself endowed with semblance of divinity, until they seem to breathe back the mystery the soul can truly catch from only one.

"How anxious she will be lest the coroner shall have discovered any of her notes in my pocket!

"I felt chilly as this last reflection crossed my mind, partly at thought of the coroner, partly at the idea of Mary being unwillingly compelled to wear mourning for me, in case of such a disclosure of our engagement. It is a provoking thing for a girl of nineteen to have to go into mourning for a deceased lover at the beginning of her second winter in the metropolis!

"The water, though, with my motionless position, must have had something to do with my chilliness. I see, sir, you think that I tell my story with great levity; but indeed, indeed I should grow delirious did I venture to hold steadily to the awfulness of my feelings the greater part of that night. I think indeed I must have been most the of time hysterical with horror, for the vibrating emotions I have recapitulated did pass through my brain even as I have detailed them. But as I now became calm in thought, I summoned up again some resolution of action. I will begin at that corner (said I,) and swim round the whole enclosure. I will swim slowly, and again feel the sides of the tank with my feet. If die I must, let me perish at least from well-directed though exhausting effort, no sink from mere bootless weariness in sustaining myself till the morning shall bring relief. The sides of the place seemed to grow higher as I now kept my watery course between them. It was not altogether a dead pull. I had some variety of emotions in making my circuit. When I swam in the shadow, it looked to me more cheerful beyond in the moonlight. When I swam in the moonlight, I had the hope of making some discovery when I should again reach the shadow. I turned several times on my back to rest just where those wavy lines would meet. The stars looked viciously bright to me from the bottom of that well; there was such a company of them; they were so glad in their lustrous revelry; and had such space to move in! I was alone, sad to despair, in a strange element, prisoned, and a solitary gazer upon their mocking chorus. And yet there was nothing else with which I could hold communion! I turned upon my breast and struck out almost frantically, once more. The stars were forgotten, the moon the very world of which I as yet formed a part—my poor Mary herself was forgotten. I thought only of the strong man there perishing; of me in my lusty manhood, in the sharp vigor of my dawning prime, with faculties illimitable, with senses all alert, battling there with physical obstacles which men like myself had brought together for my undoing. The Eternal could never have willed this thing! I could not and I would not perish thus; and I grew strong in insolence of self-trust. I laughed aloud as I dashed the sluggish water from side to side. Then came an emotion of pity for myself—of wild, wild regret; of sorrow, oh, infinite, for a fate so desolate, a doom so dreary, so heart-sickening. You may laugh at the contradiction if you will, sir, but I felt that I could sacrifice my own life on the instant to redeem another fellow-creature from such a place of horror, from an end so piteous. My soul and my vital spirit seemed in that desperate moment to be separating; while one, in parting, grieved over the deplorable fate of the other.

"And then I prayed!

"I prayed—why or wherefore, I know not. It was not from fear—it could not have been in hope. The days of miracles are passed, and there was no natural law by whose providential interposition I could be saved. I did not pray: it prayed of itself, my soul within me.

"Was the calmness that I now felt torpidity?—the torpidity that precedes dissolution to the strong swimmer, who, sinking from exhaustion, must add a bubble to the wave as he suffocates beneath the element which now denied his mastery? If it were so, how fortunate was it that my floating rod at that moment attracted my attention, as it dashed through the water by me. I saw on the instant that a fish had entangled himself in the wire noose. The rod quivered, plunged, came again to the surface, and rippled the water as it shot in arrowy flight from side to side of the tank. At last, driven toward the south-east corner of the reservoir, the small end seemed to have got foul somewhere. The brazen butt, which, every time the fish sounded, was thrown up to the moon, now sank by its own weight, showing that the other end must be fast.—But the cornered fish, evidently anchored somewhere by that short wire, floundered several times to the surface before I thought of striking out to the spot.

"The water is low now and tolerably clear. You may see the very ledge there, sir, in yonder corner, on which the small end of my rod rested when I secured that pike with my hands. I did not take him from the slip noose, however; but standing upon the ledge, handled the rod in a workman-like manner, as I flung that pound pickerel over the iron railing upon the top of the parapet. The rod, as I have told you, barely reached from the railing to the water. It was a heavy

strong bass rod, which I had borrowed in the *Spirit of the Times* office; and when I discovered that the fish at the end of the wire made a strong enough knot to prevent me from drawing my tackle away from the railing around which it twined itself as I threw, why, as you can at once see, I had but little difficulty in making my way up the face of the wall with such assistance. The ladder which attracted your notice is, as you see, lashed to the iron railing in the identical spot where I thus made my escape; and for fear of similar accidents, they have placed another one in the corresponding corner of the other compartment of the tank ever since my remarkable night's adventure in the reservoir."

We give the above singular relation verbatim as heard from the lips of our chance acquaintance; and, although strongly tempted to "work it up" after the fantastic style of a famous German namesake, prefer that the reader should have it in its American simplicity.

## CHARITY.

We are especially enjoined in the Bible to exercise charity, The Apostle says: "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity it profiteth me nothing." All our outward acts will avail nothing if we do not possess the spirit of charity.

How many there are who have no charity for the failings of another, slight though they be, but who condemn with a sweeping censure whatever they see amiss in others, forgetting that they themselves are far from perfect. More of the vice and crime which exist in society, than many suppose, was caused by the uncharitable disposition which too many exercise towards the faults of their fellow-men. Many a young man just starting upon life and ignorant of its trials and temptations has been unable to cope with the tempter, and having no charity shown him by his fellow-men has sunk by degrees, lower and lower in society, till at last, he becomes completely hardened; when, had some kind being been near to pity and assist him, he might have been reclaimed, and led back into the paths of virtue, and might at last have become a respected and happy man.

Charity to the poor does not consist merely in giving money. Often kind words and sympathy are needed, where our money is not wanted. And he who is truly benevolent has a blessed reward in the approbation of his conscience and of God. Far, far above that of the conquerer who aspires to obtain an immortal name, will be his glory. His name will be repeated with affection in those homes which he has made happy and he will live in the many hearts which he has caused to rejoice. Let us then strive to exercise a spirit of charity towards all mankind. Let us seek out the suffering and relieve their necessities. Let us speak words of comfort to the mourning and sorrowing, and bid the drooping children of poverty to look up and be glad. Then indeed will our life be blessed.

## TEMPORAL BENEFITS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity is the greatest temporal blessing ever conferred upon man. Like a mighty river it rolls its deep and placid current, diffusing beauty and fertility, joy and gladness, until it is lost in the ocean of eternity. It is the patron of all that is virtuous and lovely, and of good report, in human society. It is the destruction of ignorance, and vice, and crime. What has it not done for the nations of the earth? It has raised them from the depths of barbarism and idolatry, and placed them on the heights of civilization and refinement. Lines of "living light," beauty and glory stream along its pathway. View the condition of those nations where its genial rays have never shone. There darkness and confusion, wretchedness and crime, hold their relentless sway. The universal diffusion of the gospel would convert our guilty and polluted earth into a blooming paradise.

## A GOOD SLAP AT BARE ARMS.

A certain minister lately paid a visit to a lady of his acquaintance who was newly married, and who was attired in the modern indecent fashion. After the ususal compliments he familiarly said, "I hope you have got a good husband, madam." "Yes, sir," replied she, "and a good man, too. "I don't know what to say about his goodness," added the minister, rather bluntly, "for my Bible teaches me that a good man should clothe his wife, but he lets you go half naked."

# Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

## NIGHT MUSINGS.

What can yon little trembler be
That nightly o'er me springs?
I wonder if I'd go and see
If I could have the wings?

'Tis now about the middle watch,
I think, from nature's frown;
And by the glimpses that I catch,
The moon is going down.

I am awake from pleasant dreams—
Such tones of love I heard,
That in my heart their echo seems
Still singing like a bird.

I'd give the world, awake to find,
And having found to keep,
A spirit half as pure and kind
As I have met in sleep!

Still twinkling through my window light,
I see that little star;
I'd find out what it is to-night,
If I could fly so far.

But while, thou glittering e thee
My kindling spirit springs,
I wonder who would go with me
If they could have the wings?

From the Parent's Gift.

## THE CONSEQUENCES OF IDLENESS.

"What will you give me for this watch, Joe?" said Harry Crawford to his companion. "It is a real watch, and keeps capital time. It cost a sight of money."

"I'll give you my marbles that you like so much, and all the money I've got, and that is a half dollar," said Joe.

"Your marbles and half a dollar! That isn't enough," said Henry. "Give me a dollar and a half, and the marbles too, and that won't be half as much as it cost."

"But I can't get the money," said Joe.

"I'll trust you. Give me the half dollar now," said Henry, "and the rest when you can get it; but let me have your breastpin for a pawn."

"I can't spare that," said Joseph. "It holds my mother's hair."

"Pooh," said Harry; "can't you get enough more hair where that came from?"

"Harry," said Joe, "you forget that my mother is dead."

"So I did, Joe," said Harry; "but never mind, just give me the pin as a pawn. I can give it back to you, and I will. You can trust me."

"But you may lose it," said Joseph.

"Pooh, I won't lose it. Hand it here," said Harry.

"I'll give you five dollars for the watch," said William Smith, another boy older than Harry or Joseph.

"Done: then you shall have it, Will. Hand over the money. The truth is, I got myself into a scrape with old farmer Wilkins, and he threatened to prosecute me if I didn't pay damages. Five dollars will be enough; so take the watch, and give me the money."

"I haven't got it now," said Will, "but you shall have it to-morrow morning."

"But what will your father say, when he finds out you have sold your watch?" asked Joseph.

"He won't find it out," said Harry. "I can tell him I lost

it. That won't be a lie—I did lose it. Here, take it from me, and don't tell what you do with it. That will be losing it; I am sure that won't be telling a lie." Harry wa trying ot make a liar of his conscience. He thought he succeeded. It was a fine watch, and a birth-day gift from the kindest of fathers. Now see how the affair of selling the watch ended. If these boys had not been idle they never would have been so guilty, and never would have caused so much unhappiness to themselves and others.

Harry's father inquired of him what had become of the watch, and he told him that he had lost it. Search was made and at last the watch was advertised, and ten dollars reward offered to any one who would find and return it. William Smith was tempted by the offer of so much money to betray his friend. He carried the watch home, and told how he came by it, and Harry Crawford was found to have been guilty of a lie. His first fault was *idleness*. He had played truant, broken down farmer Wilkins' fence, and the neighbors' cows had destroyed the grain. Then, to make peace with the farmer, he sold a valuable watch for half its worth, and told a lie to conceal his folly. He was in disgrace, and well he deserved it. William Smith stole the five dollars, with which he paid for it, from his father's desk. It was not the first time he had been guilty of the same crime. His father missed the money, and could think of no one who could have taken it but an old servant man, who had lived with him many years, He hated to suspect him, but he was forced to do it. He turned him away. By being thus thrown out of employment, his wife and children were left destitute. As to Joseph Lee, who was saved by a mere chance, and no effort of his own to resist temptation, he learned wisdom from the errors and sufferings of his companions, and left their company. The pin, which he was loath to part with, was ever after his talisman to remind him of his duty and of her whose dying gift it was, she who had taught him to be industrious, and to be good; but when he no longer heard her voice, he forgot her instructions, and by degrees became an idle boy. But he saw his fault, and strove to correct it; and when he looks at his mother's gift, it strengthens his good resolutions.

## THE TAME FISH.

### A BEAUTIFUL STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS

About six weeks since, a story was briefly told in your paper about a little girl's having tamed a turtle and some fishes in a pond at Hingham. This I presume many thought, as I did, *only a fish story*, but it is I assure you, a true one.

Yesterday my business led me to the ancient town of Hingham; and I was there invited by some ladies to witness the wonder with my own eyes. I gladly accepted the invitation.

We passed the Old Colony House, and soon turned into a road leading through a young growth of oaks, savins, birches and maple. Here we found an abundance of autumnal wild flowers, with forest leaves of all hues, which we gathered at pleasure as we went along.

Following this road for a short half mile, we came to a large gloomy looking house, situated on the border of an artificial pond, near which was an iron foundry. In this house we made inquiries for our heroine and her fishes, and were told that in a few moments she would favor us with her presence; but that the weather was now so cold, there was some doubt whether her aquatory friends would be "at home" at her call. While we were yet making our inquiries, the little "lady of the lake" was pointed out as coming towards us, and we started to meet her!

There she was sure enough! a little girl, perhaps five years old, neatly dressed, and bearing a little basket of bread in her hand! She approached the margin of the pond, which is about 200 feet from the house; and, drawing near we inquired if she thought we should be favored with the sight of her pets. She replied, "I don't know—it is so cold! Little fishy don't like to come now—but I guess they want some supper." She now took her station on a stone that was partially in the water, and began to call her friends after the following manner: "Come little fishy! Come get your supper! Don't be afraid! Nobody hurt you, fishy! Come! Come."

And sure enough, the turtle came to the surface, and took from her hand a piece of bread, and then started for his hiding-place to eat it or feed his young. I was now informed that it was the little girl's practice to feed this *protege* twice a day; but that if she ommitted it for a few hours, the turtle would leave the water, and go towards the house to meet her, and when they did meet, she would take him up, feed him, and and then restore him to the water.

After feeding the turtle, she again called to the fishes as before. Her little hand holding a bit of bread, was thrust partially in the water, and in a moment, it was surrounded by a hundred little fishes, measuring from one to three inches in length, who picked the small crumbs that dropped from her tiny fingers. In a few moments more a large kind of fish which they call *pouts*, crowded around her hand.

Thus for half an hour did they seem to come by turns, and receive from her their food—she all the while, prattling to them as only a child could prattle, of its own spontaneous light heartedness. Our curiosity was now more than satisfied, and fearing lest Helen would take cold from keeping her hand too long in the water, we started for the village, after making further inquiries at the foundry in regard to this interesting child.

We learned that about two years ago she and her brother, who was about two years old, commenced feeding the fishes by throwing crumbs in the water. In a short time the children thus attracted them to feed from their hands. About a year since, the girl lost her companion and brother, he died; and Helen is now left alone to feed with her own hand her brother's pets.

## SOCIAL LIFE.

The sunlight that follows a shipwreck, is not less beautiful though it shines upon the remains of the broken bark; what is saved is so much more precious than that which has been lost. The domestic circle is always too small to allow of rupture; it is always too precious to make excusable any neglect to prevent or to heal disturbance. There are enough to minister, by hints and reports, to domestic unkindness; and unfortunately, the best under such circumstances, are much prone to mistake, and thus misrepresent motives; and trifles, with no direct object, are magnified into mountains of unintentional offence. It is the same in social life. Let us guard against it. Delicate relations are like the polish of costly cutlery; dampness corrodes, and rust, though removed, leaves a spot.

## THE PAST.

When the act of reflection takes place in the mind, when we look at ourselves in the light of thought, we discover that life is embosomed in beauty. Behind us, as we go, all things assume pleasing forms, as clouds do far off. Not only things familiar and stale, but even the tragic and terrible are comely, as they take their place in the pictures of memory. The river bank, the weed at the water-side, the old house, the foolish person, however neglected in the passing, have a grace in the past. Even the corpse that has lain in the chambers has added a solemn ornament to the house. The soul will not know either deformity or pain.

One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to women insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly; it did not make them weak in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

## A BEAUTIFUL THING.

What is it, little girls? Guess. Shall we tell you? Hark: It is a neat, sweet, modest, virtuous little girl; one who is cheerful as a lark, pure as the rose, charming as the lilly, lively as a squirrel—*skippingly* obedient, quick as a flash to do just right. At such a sight, O clap your hands joyfully!—*Golden Rule.*

WANT OF FRESH AIR.—The Hon. HORACE MANN, in alluding to ill-ventilated school-houses, remarks as follows:

"To put children on a short allowance of fresh air, is as foolish as it would have been for Noah, during the deluge, to have put his family on a short allowance of water. Since God has poured out an atmosphere fifty miles deep, it is enough to make a miser weep to see our children stinted in breath."

Pay all you owe. Keep out of debt.

## UNIVERSALIST UNION TEACHERS SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of this society will be held in Brooklyn on Monday evening, November 27th, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Superintendents will please give notice to their respective schools;

S. H. VREELAND MOORE, Recording Secretary.

## SERVICES IN THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH IN NORWICH.

The Pastor of this Church, Rev. E. Winchester Reynolds, will commence Sabbath evening, Nov. 19th, a series of Discourses on the following subject: Universalism; its nature, its evidences and its claims. One discourse on this subject will be given every Sabbath evening following, until the completion of the series.

During the fall and winter, Discourses will also be delivered in this Church, on various controverted passages of scripture, on the Reformation in the sixteenth Century (a series of four discourses,) and on other subjects connected with the theory, history and pratice of Christianity.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. O. A. Skinner will preach a sermon on the morning of the Fourth Sunday of this month—his fourth Sermon on Creeds. It will not be postponed again.

On the evening of the fourth Sunday, he will preach on Mark ix. 43, 44. Subject, the undying worm and unquenchable fire.

Br. Elliott will preach in the school house on Chestnut Hill, near Br. Finch's, on Saturday evening, Nov. 25th; in Westport, Sunday 26th, and in the Townhouse in Norwalk, in the evening.

Mr. Bulkeley, will preach in Blauvettville, on the first Sunday in Dec. and at Piermont in the evening of that day

Mr. Bulkeley, will preach in Camptown N. J. the second Sunday in December at 10 1-2 A. M., at Jefferson Village at 2 1-2 P. M., and at Middleville in the evening.

Br. Lyon will commence a course of Lectures in illustration and defence of Universaliam, next Sunday evening, in the church, corner of south third and fourth sts, Williamsburgh, to be continued every Sabbath evening till completed.

## BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Whittemore:—Credit L. Deklyn, Mamaroneck, $1 50 for Trumpet, and charge this office. Change his direction to White Plains, N. Y.

## MARRIAGES.

At Akron, Ohio, on Sunday, 5th inst., at the Universalist Church, by Rev. George Messenger, Mr. Sanford M. Burnham, of Pavilion, N. Y., to Miss Anne Maria Rowe, of Akron.

In Philadelphia, Nov. 14th, by Rev. J. W. McMaster, Mr. Edwin Bowers, to Miss Eliza J. Collom.

## DEATHS.

In this city, Oct. 9th., MARY T., infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Cowperthwaite, aged 2 months.

In Pleasant Mount, Sept 28, 1848, Mrs. SARAH ROGERS, and at the same place and same day, Mr. Ezra Waldo, son of Sarah Rogers, both formerly from Tolland Co., Conn.

In this city on the 15th inst. Mrs. SARAH E. LOVETT.

Mrs. L. was formerly a teacher in the Bleecker-street Sunday School, and was much beloved by all who knew her. She was modest and retiring in her manners, and humble and sincere in her religion. She has been sick of consumption for a year, but has borne her sufferings with remarkable fortitude, never complaining of her lot. I saw her shortly before her death. She was perfestly calm and resigned, and spoke with the strongest assurance of her hope of happiness beyond the grave. She said some of her friends had tried hard to destroy her faith and disturb her peace, but she thanked the Lord for his supporting grace, for none of these things moved her. She retained her senses to the last moment, and remained perfectly tranquil, onging for the time of her departure to come. W. S. B.


## PROSPECTUS

OF THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME OF THE

NEW YORK

# CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

TO BE EDITED BY

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley.

A new volume of this paper will be commenced on the 11th of November. It will be published as heretofore, on a super royal sheet, in folio form. The paper will be of good quality, strong and white, and the mechanical execution will be equal to that of any other denominational paper.

It will be devoted to the defence and illustration of Universalism; Morality, Literature, and Science; to questions of Reform and Progress, and General Intelligence. It will contain Sermons, Essays, Scripture Expositions, Reviews of Books, interesting Moral Stories, Juvenile Pieces, Denominational and General News.

Besides the productions of the Editors, it will contain articles from our best writers. Regular Correspondents, in different parts of the country, have been engaged to furnish the earliest information touching the interests of our cause.

New-York is the Commercial Emporium of the Union, and it affords peculiar facilities for the publication of a Universalist paper; and we hope to make ours worthy of an extensive patronage. If past experience and untiring perseverance will enable us to do so, our friends may depend on receiving one equal to any in the Denomination.

We respectfully ask the aid and co-operation of all our present patrons, and all who wish well to our success, promising, on our part, to do every thing in our power to render the Messenger an acceptable and useful paper.

TERMS.

The MESSENGER will be Published every Saturday, at TWO DOLLARS a year, payable in advance; to which *Fifty Cents* will be added if not paid within Six months from the time of subscribing.

Persons sending us *Ten Dollars*, shall receive *six* copies, or *Twenty Dollars*, *Thirteen* copies.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO.

*Messenger Office*, 140 *Fulton-street*, *N. Y.*, Oct. 30, 1848.

## THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR,

Is published weekly, in octavo form, and contains all the important reading of the Messenger. It is printed on good paper, well pressed, and neatly folded. It will make a handsome volume, at the end of the year, of *eight hundred and thirty-two* large octavo pages, filled with interesting and profitable reading, worthy of preservation. This is the only weekly journal in the denomination whose form makes it convenient for the library. It is furnished to single subscribers at $2 50. Persons sending $12 00 shall receive six copies, and $24.00 thirteen copies.


## NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

### PROVISIONS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Flour, per bbl., | $5 25a5 56 | Beef, mess, per. bbl. | 9 50a10 50 |
| Wheat, Genesee, bush., | 1 26 | " Prime, " | $5 50a6 |
| " Western, " | 1 00a1 15 | Lard, per lb., | 7a 8 |
| Indian Meal, per bbl., | 3 25a3 37 | Cheese, " | 6 1-2a7 1-4 |
| Corn, round, per bush., | 74a75 1-2 | Butter, Orange Co. dairy, | 19a21 |
| " mixed, " | 67a68 1-2 | " Western " | 14a17 |
| " New Orleans, " | 65a68 | " Ohio Common, | 10a12 |
| Rye, " | 66 | Salt, Turks' Island, bush., | 26 |
| Oats, " | 34a35 | " L'pool grnd, sack, | 1 05a1 10 |
| Pork, Mess, per bbl., | $13 | " " fine, " | 1 25a1 45 |
| " Prime, " | 8 87a9 | Wool, pulled and fleece, | 23 a 36 |

### MISCELLANEOUS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs. | 40a50 | Timothy Seed, tierce, | 15a17 |
| Hops, per lb., | 9 1-2a10 1-2 | Clover " per lb., | 5 1-2a6 |
| Feathers, live American, | 30a35 | Flax, rough, in bulk, per | |
| Flax, per lb., | 9 | bushel, | 1 18a1 20 |

## New-York Cattle Market....Monday, Nov. 20.

At market 1300 Beef Cattle, 50 Cows and Calves, and 4,000 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE—For fair retailing quolities there has been a pretty brisk demand during the week. Prices remain firm at from $5 to $7 50 per cwt. From the appearance of the yard we should say there four hundred left over. A lot of 40 shipped to Bermuda. The sales are mainly to the city butchers, and there are but few or no packers in market.

COWS AND CALVES—All sold at prices ranging, as in quality, from $24 to $35 a 55.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prices of 1 25 2 75 a 4 50; Lambs 1 a2 50.—500 left over.

HAY.—62 1-2 cts for best quality. No straw at the scales.